

The Critic

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A Unique Collection of American Poetry.

At the writing of this article, the Annotated Catalogue of the Harris Collection of American Poetry is passing through the press. It will probably be ready for delivery early in the fall. So great is the interest in this catalogue, that more than one-third of the limited quarto edition and nearly one-third of the octavo edition are already engaged. The persons who have asked that copies be reserved for them represent almost every section of the country; and several orders have come from London. The more prominent universities and colleges in the United States, and the leading public libraries of the country—the list being headed by the Congressional Library, and including every other library of note in this country and the Parliamentary Library of Canada—have ordered it. Several theological seminaries, historical societies and State Libraries have placed their names on the compiler's list. Among the nearly two hundred firms and individuals who have applied for copies are the leading publishers and booksellers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other cities. It looks very much as if all the copies of the two editions would be spoken for in advance of publication.

Many of our readers are familiar with the history of the collection to which this Catalogue will furnish a key; but a large majority of them have but a vague idea of it. For the benefit of this latter class we offer a few words of explanation. More than half a century ago the foundation of the collection was laid by the late Judge Albert Gorton Greene—a typical Rhode Islander, and a member of a family not a few members of which, in successive generations and in many ways, have honored the State in which they were born. Judge Greene was a graduate of Brown University in the Class of 1820. He studied law, and in the course of his life held various offices under the municipal government of Providence. His fondness for poetry developed itself in early life, and the productions of his own pen proved that he himself did not lack poetic gifts. One of his ballads, 'Old Grimes is Dead,' had an almost world-wide fame. Mr. Greene's desire to collect the writings of American poets and make them a special department in his valuable library grew in strength with passing years, and it was not long before he could say that, in more respects than one, there was no library in the country that took precedence of his in this particular branch of American literature. At the time of his death, in 1868, the number of volumes was considerably over two thousand.

Not long after the date mentioned this library was offered for sale at auction. In the catalogue prepared under the directions of Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co., of this city, the titles of 1944 volumes were given. The family of the late owner reserved quite a large number of the books; and many were the regrets expressed that the special department upon which Mr. Green had expended so much time, thought and money could not be kept in its entirety. There was every reason to fear that this could not be. There was,

however, a man who for a long time had had his eye on this collection. His own tastes ran in very much the same direction with those of Mr. Greene, and for years he had been enriching his library with the best productions of the American poets. The person referred to was Mr. C. Fiske Harris, of Providence, who was fortunate enough to secure a large part of the Greene collection—purchasing, indeed, most of the works which were not already included in his own library.

With ample means at his command, and the strongest purpose to make the collection as complete as possible, Mr. Harris bought everything upon which he could lay his hands, in the department in which he was interested. For the famous 'Bay Psalm Book' he paid \$1025, and for a unique copy of one of Cotton Mather's works—a small volume of sixteen pages—he gave \$300. The fame of his collection spread rapidly. Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, in the preface to his instructive 'History of American Literature,' thus alludes to two of the most remarkable libraries in the country:—'In Providence, through the polite intervention of Mr. John Russell Bartlett, I experienced that generosity which may now be called hereditary, and which throws open to students the treasures of the superb library founded by the late John Carter Brown; while Mr. C. Fiske Harris, of the same city, gave me not only cordial hospitality but his personal assistance, when he permitted me to explore his unique collection of American poetry—the most extensive, I suppose, in the world.' Soon after the death of Mr. Harris the collection was purchased by his relative, the late Senator Henry B. Anthony, who, after adding to it several hundred volumes of American poetry selected from his own library, left it by will to his Alma Mater, Brown University, the whole number of volumes being not far from five thousand.

Before the Collection came into the possession of Senator Anthony, there was in it a copy of the 'Bay Psalm Book,' the first book published in this country, the date of its publication being 1640. This extremely rare volume—of which, so far as is known, not a half dozen perfect copies are in existence—was subsequently purchased for the John Carter Brown library. The copy in Cornelius Vanderbilt's collection cost \$1200. In the Harris Collection are two of the fifty copies of the literal reprint of the Bay Psalm Book, made for Charles Richardson in 1862. What the money value of these reprints is, it would not be easy to tell. A printed list of the fifty subscribers, found at the end of the volume, reveals the names of some of the most distinguished bibliophiles and scholars of the country. Perhaps the oldest book in the Collection is a Psalm- and Hymn-Book, printed in Cambridge, England, for Hezekiah Usher, of Boston, and prepared for the use of the New England churches. The date of publication is not given. One authority makes it 1650, interrogatively, while Sabin gives it, in the same way, as 1658, and says it is the only known copy in existence. There are also two works of Cotton Mather's which are claimed to be 'unique'—his elegy on President Oakes, of Harvard College, written when the author was only nineteen years of age. It is Mather's first published production, and is dated Boston, 1682. The second is also an elegy—on the Rev. Nathaniel Collins of Middletown, Ct.,—and was published in 1685, being the fourth of Cotton Mather's publications. One of Anne Bradstreet's volumes is marked 1650, and another 1678. There are several other books whose dates carry us far back into the early periods of Puritan history. How much Senator Anthony paid for the whole collection we are unable to state. An eminent lawyer of Providence said to the compiler of the Catalogue, that he would be glad to get it into his possession by the payment of ten thousand dollars. The Harris Collection has had a better fortune than usually befalls American libraries, which, too frequently, upon the death of their owners, are scattered in a hundred directions. Housed in a cheerful room in the elegant library building of Brown

University, it will remain there, it may be, for centuries. Many additions have been made to it, by poets who wish to have copies of their works placed on the shelves of so noted a gathering of books, and the titles of the same introduced into its Catalogue.

It is of this singularly valuable collection, which Senator Anthony requested should bear the name of his cousin, and be known as the Harris Collection of American Poetry, that the exhaustive Catalogue referred to above will shortly be published. As near as can be conjectured, it will make a volume of not far from 450 pages. The compiler, the Rev. Dr. Stockbridge, of Providence, who has devoted his entire time for nearly a year to this work, is a graduate of Brown University, but received his honorary degree from Harvard. He is a member of the Corporation and the Library Committee of Brown.

Reviews

Recent Novels from the Russian.*

THE vogue of the Russian novel is becoming greater than ever. At first the public were content to feast simply on Tourguéneff. His strange and delicate pictures of Russian life and character were all the American reader demanded. For twenty years, therefore, the stream of Tourguéneff translation, transfiguration, went on. Suddenly the stream widens. It is seen to be fed by many rivulets brimful of sparkling water. Our mental geography of Russland becomes veined with tributary streams. The Amazon, the Mississippi, the Nile, big and wonderful as they are, are seen to be results, reservoirs, mighty accidents, due to confluence and configuration, not original and primal; and Russian romance, so far from being Tourguéneff simply or altogether, turns out to be a complex thing, of many sources, swallowed up for a time in the overblown reputation of one man, but asserting in the end its complexity, its versatility and its individual charm.

The latest contributor to this revolution in our view of things Russian is Nikolai Gogol, a Cossack of Poltava, whose 'Taras Bulba' (1) now appears for the first time in English, translated directly from the Russian by Miss I. F. Hapgood. The singular *bouquet* of this author cannot be sniffed from a criticism but must be inhaled from a thorough perusal of Miss Hapgood's excellent translation. The book introduces us to the marvellous Cossack world of the Middle Ages—and it is needless to say that its coloring is lurid from the start. 'Taras Bulba' is himself a great Cossack chieftain, who, with his two sons—Ostap and Audrii—fills the foreground of the romance. He lives to murder one of his sons for treachery and desertion, to see the other tortured, drawn and quartered before his eyes, and to be roasted alive himself. Bitter aloes and wormwood leave a reminiscence on the palate like the flavor of this book. Gogol himself was born in 1800 and died of 'mystic madness,' superinduced by nerves, in 1852. 'Dead Souls' is his great book, and will doubtless appear in the series the first of which is announced to be 'Taras Bulba.'

If any one can make anything out of the Nihilistic 'A Vital Question,' or 'What's to be Done?' (2), it is more than we have been able, with all our conscientious efforts, to do. The morals of the book are abominable. It is a tangle of illegitimate loves, impure suggestion and bad behavior. 'Véra,' its heroine, goes through as many chrysalis states of fancy for the men of her acquaintance as an unsavory caterpillar does before it becomes a butterfly; but she never turns into anything either delectable or charming. We get heartily tired of her long before she reaches her second husband. Such a book should be read, as our French friends say, only 'pour vaincre la misère.'

* 1. Taras Bulba. By N. V. Gogol. Tr. by Isabel F. Hapgood. \$1. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 2. A Vital Question. By N. G. Tchernychevsky. Tr. by N. H. Dole and S. S. Skidelsky. \$1.25. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. What's to be Done? (Same book.) Tr. and published by B. R. Tucker, Boston. 3. Childhood, Boyhood, Youth. By L. N. Tolstoi. Tr. by I. F. Hapgood. \$1.50. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

It is a relief to turn from Tchernychevsky to Count Tolstoi's beautiful 'Childhood, Boyhood, Youth' (3), with its calm pictures and striking sketches of Slavonic life. Tolstoi's eminent characteristic is *soul*—soul in superabundance, soul that overflows every page and steepens all his books in its own mellow atmosphere. This book does not, like 'War and Peace,' err on the side of excessive prolixity, but limits itself to four hundred pages and a rounded outline. 'War and Peace' is like the misty Hungarian plains—stretching to infinity. This last volume definitely and lovingly enshrines itself within discernible horizons, depicts the family life, hunting parties, games and lessons of childhood in the country; then floats lazily to Moscow, and thence out into the enveloping pomp and circumstance of life. It is an autobiography in romance form, and one may easily conceive that it is filled with the realities of the soul and of experience. So far Tolstoi rolls beside Tourguéneff as the Nile beside the Amazon.

The First Woman.*

THIS poem of five books is founded on the meagre, legendary and unsatisfactory references of old writers and late commentators to a woman who is represented as Adam's first wife. The author makes acknowledgments to these for the title of her poem, but for little else. Book I. opens with a luxuriantly adjectived description of Paradise, and a finely pointed pencil presents the minutest details of Eden—its

Tangled dells and wilding pleasancess,
And the sweet jargonings of nested birds.

In the midst of this wealth of verdure and song,

the fairest one—

The first of woman kind—sweet Lilith stood;

* * * * *
About her rounded shoulders, warm and bare,
Like netted sunshine fell her lustrous hair.

Beside her,

with bent

Brows, sullen-creased, swart Adam gazed intent

Upon a leopard.

Domestic infelicity had invaded their home. Lilith claimed equality based upon the following grounds:

Twin-born, of equal stature, kindred soul
Are we: like dower'd with strength. Yon stars that roll,
Their course above, down looking on my face,
See yours as fair.

There is an irreconcilability between the poet and Lilith as to Adam's personal appearance, since one calls him 'swart' and the other says he is 'fair.' These discrepancies curtail greatly the interest one takes in the personal appearance of his remote ancestor. Adam resents her claim and appeals to his superior influence over the passions of the leopard, and to the recognition which the very ground under their feet had yielded.

We scattered pearly millet by the brook.
Lo, thine lay barren in the sand. Quick mine
Upspringing sifts o'er pale-blue odors fine.

They separate in anger, and gloom hangs over Paradise. Lilith resolves to go, but the Guardian Angel counsels her to remain. He says:

Slow cycles will pass on

And, in the time-to-be-bright years, grow wan.

But even this adjective, before which 'Young-man-afraid-of-his-horses' pales, makes no impression. She wanders far away, and by a species of squatter sovereignty possesses herself of a flowery kingdom. She finally repents, and turns her steps 'Edenward'; but Eblis—a fallen angel—crosses her path and stays her steps. She listens to his voice of love, and joins her lot with his. But the children she bears him partake not of human natures; they have neither sympathy with, nor love for, their mother; they are winged

* Lilith: The Legend of the First Woman. By Ada Langworthy Collier. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

elfins who flee jeering from her side. Her longing for filial affection leads her back to Paradise, where she sees Eve occupying her place, and, worst of all, revelling in the bliss of maternal love. Lilith steals Eve's daughter, who pines away. Adam and Eve are driven from Paradise, and Eve, weary, sinks upon the ground. Lilith approaches and restores the stolen child, who unfortunately dies. Over the little grave the two women weep, and Lilith is forgiven. The darkest colors are reserved for painting the misery of Lilith longing for the joys of the motherhood which had blessed Eve.

The poet has a wealth of words, facility of expression, fondness for inverted forms of speech, and unheard of compounds, of which 'time-to-be-bright' is an example. Her descriptive powers are analytical and microscopic; but, for lack of variety of theme, there is a sameness which results in too often exhibiting one picture in different lights. For the Hebrew Lilith, a female spectre who lies in wait for and kills children, the poet has substituted a child-loving woman, childless save in the sense of those who have loved and lost. Lilith's return to Paradise, to gaze unseen on Adam's joy-lit face, provokes this outburst,

'O Eden mine! dear land,
She sighed. And, springing warm, the tender tide
Of tear-drops gemmed the roses at her side.

* * * * *
So greets the weary wanderer once more
His early home. The lintels worn, the door
Age-stained; the iris clumps, in sheltered nook;
The mill-wheel rolling o'er the shrunken brook;
The sunny orchard sloping west; and far
And cold, above his mother's grave, a star—
Then quick unbidden tears, the heart's warm rain,
O'erflow his soul and leave it pure again.

Rochefoucauld says that some falsehoods are so like the truth that it would show bad judgment not to be deceived by them; and we can say of this poem, if it has not some merit, we have mistaken the contortions of the sibyl for her inspiration.

A Scandinavian "Stork's Nest."*

THERE is something very fresh, piquant, and artless in this nestful of stories gathered by an American from Danish and Norwegian fjelds and fjords. They are so different from the highly elaborated and artistic romances of the south, that in reading them one is at once transported to another world—to a cooler, higher, simpler and purer region, edged by perpetual snows and redolent of primitive passions and customs. After, for instance, sitting down to one of the gorgeous psychological banquets of Balzac, we find a peculiar wildwood flavor in such a bird's-nest as this prepared for our consumption by Mr. Vicary. While Balzac treats us to a multitudinous panorama of human passion and plots, to people with highly convoluted brains replete with what the phrenologists draw out on their intellectual charts, the simple Norwegians and Danes give us a man or a woman, a single trait or a single incident, and touch us with the simplicity and directness of their concrete art. A saunter among the intellectual products of the romantic southern or English school is like a saunter through a Hall of Anatomy where the walls are covered with those frightful displays of the nervous system laid bare, the cartography of the red arterial currents, the criss-crossing of exposed veins and valves, and the lurid revelations of the underskin. A peep into these cool Norwegian writers—sweet, temperate and chaste—is like a peep into a Norwegian vale where there is a limpid stream, where the picketrel flash, where there is an emerald richness on the mountain-side, and where an immemorial calm, undisturbed by complicated human passions and infinitesimal anatomizations, rests over everything.

Just so it is with 'A Stork's Nest'—a collection of

A Stork's Nest; or, Pleasant Reading from the North. Collected by J. F. Vicary. New York: Frederick Warne & Co.

simple Norwegian and Danish stories such as even children would delight in and understand. All of the one-and-twenty stories are short, and each one is interesting in itself. There is an occasional awkwardness in the translation—more particularly in the odd little verses which introduce the stories; but it can be got rid of when the book goes into a second edition. As compared with the quantitative and qualitative analysis drawn out for us in the spun-glass romances of Henry James, these tales might have been written by a group of clever children: so great is their naiveté; but they lose nothing by the comparison. A cartoon in charcoal is often more telling than the most Correggisque tangle of limbs and loins.

Books by Free-Traders.*

THE subject of restrictions on commerce is commanding more attention than ever before in the history of this country. The race of free-traders is growing. It is evident that free-trade is finding a greater number of zealous advocates every year, who are writing with wisdom, skill and ample illustrations in behalf of that economic theory. Here is one of the latest books on the subject (1), in which Mr. Blair seeks to show how unwise are the laws by which protection is continued as the policy of the country. If he were less diffuse in his literary style, this would be one of the best books on the subject. His method of argument is one which will appeal to the great majority of people, because it shows the financial benefits to be hoped for from free-trade. For the free-trade advocate, the 'Economic Fact-Book' (2) compiled by Mr. Bowker will be found to be of great convenience and value. It gives a history of the tariff, the arguments for free-trade, the platforms of parties on the subject, and the attitude of the members of the present Congress, as well as much other material of importance. Its financial and commercial tables are full and trustworthy. The greater part of Mr. Wells's 'Practical Economics' (3) is also taken up with advocating a free-trade tariff. The chapters on tariff revision, some recent phases of the tariff question, and our experience in taxing distilled spirits, are among the ablest discussions of the subject. He thoroughly understands the whole problem of free-trade, and he advocates it without compromise. He brings learning and wit, practical experience and a wide study of books to its discussion, and he deals with it in a manner able, judicious and scholarly. The free-trader seeking for an understanding of the subject as it stands before the country at the present moment cannot do better than turn to Mr. Wells's book.

Our next book is by a free-trader, but it is not specially or even distinctly devoted to free-trade. Mr. Bowker has written an admirable, one might almost say a perfect, primer of political economy. It is a book of real merit in its brevity and simplicity of statement; and yet the whole subject is embraced in its pages. Such a book is calculated to do much good, by bringing the subject within the comprehension of a great majority of the people; and its definitions and explanations are so clear as to make a distinct and deep impression. It need not be said that Mr. Bowker's point of view is a sound one on all the great questions of political economy, and that he has given us the conclusions which are generally accepted among the best writers on this science. He has done something, however, toward redeeming it from the charge of being a dismal science, and toward making it worthy the attention of all practical men. We wish this book could be studied by every voter in the United States, for after studying it, most of them would vote much more intelligently than they do now. Professor Sumner, of

* 1. Unwise Laws: A Consideration of the Operations of a Protective Tariff upon Industry, Commerce and Society. By Lewis H. Blair. \$1. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2. The Economic Fact-Book and Free-Trader's Guide. Edited by R. R. Bowker. 25 cts. New York: Free Trade Club. 3. Practical Economics. By David A. Wells. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 4. Economics for the People. By R. R. Bowker. 75 cts. New York: Harper & Bros. 5. Problems in Political Economy. By William Graham Sumner. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Yale, has made a little book growing out of his experience and needs as a teacher of political economy. It is a collection of three hundred and sixty-six questions, covering every phase of the science. These questions are well calculated to lead to a first-hand study of the subject, which is brought immediately before the student as of living importance. The general reader in this science will find it of help in testing his own knowledge.

Recent Fiction.

'HENCE THESE PAGES,' explains Joaquin Miller, in a dramatic effort to apologize for writing so loathsome a story as that which he calls 'The Destruction of Gotham' (Funk and Wagnalls), on the plea that he does it to work a high moral cure. The story is an inexcusable record of horrible things; inexcusable, because although the author explodes in highly moral exclamations of dread at the things which he does not hesitate to dwell upon, the tendency of the book is not to rouse the reader to an heroic and holy crusade against evil, but simply to make him shudder at the hideousness of the book, and begin a possible crusade against such evils as it chronicles by throwing the book itself into the fire. As nearly as we have been able to penetrate its purpose, the moral of it seems to be, that, unless we mend our ways, we shall come to painful destruction in this world, without waiting for retribution in the next. It is a very poor motive to hold up to human nature, that unless it is good it will be blown up by dynamite. As for the mending of our ways, comparatively few of us have any such ways to mend as are recorded by the author; and those who have, we should think quite beyond any hope of reform, even by being frightened with a threat of dynamite. Such books as this spread more harm than reform; they make no one better and they might make many worse.

'THE CRACK OF DOOM,' by William Minto, is a tedious and foolish extravagance on the career of an epileptic madman, who proposed to make a fortune in the stock-market by predictions as to the fatal effect of a new comet intersecting the earth's orbit. 'BURIED DIAMONDS' is quite a good story by Sarah Tytler, full of minor good points in character drawing as well as rather exciting plot. 'KILLED IN THE OPEN,' by Mrs. Edward Kennard, is of course supposed to be a 'sporting novel,' though the author mentions elaborately in her preface several other indirect purposes. The sporting, however, is not hilarious, and the romance is extremely tedious. 'TRUST ME' is the foolish title of a very foolish story by Mrs. John Kent Spender. 'MARJORIE,' by Katherine S. Macquoid, beginning with a 'curse of the Dumfords' and considerable mystery, misery, and pistol shots, is about what one would expect from such a beginning, but not so good as one would expect from Mrs. Macquoid. The five stories above notice appear in the Franklin Square Library.

It is a good thing to have such an admirable little story as Mrs. Whitney's 'A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life' (Riverside Paper Series) rescued from the oblivion which is the fate of even good literature, in these days of over-abundant production, and republished for the delight of new readers. It is not many years since it originally appeared; and it is as good as ever, with its gentle appreciation of the joys and troubles of young girlhood, its bright anecdotes, pretty incidents and wholly healthful atmosphere. 'THE CAMP AT SURF BLUFF,' by Edward A. Rand (Phillips & Hunt), is the fourth volume in the Up-the-Ladder Club Series. It takes the boys on a vacation, but the author easily manages to give many a suggestive hint as to the duties and morals and politeness to be remembered even on a vacation. Youthful readers may be cautioned not to expect quite so much dramatic excitement in any camp experiences of their own; but it will be well for them to re-

member that the same opportunities for courtesy, right conduct and helpfulness toward those who need help, whether in pitching a tent or saving a soul, open everywhere to those who look for them. —MRS. CAMPBELL-PRAED tells us, in the opening paragraph of 'The Head Station' (Harper's Handy Series), that 'there could be no pleasanter place in which to dream away the hours of a hot December afternoon than the veranda of the Head Station' on the Eura River in Australia. It may be so, but we are willing to take the author's word for it; as for a hot afternoon in July, we prefer something in larger type.

'ASPIRATIONS,' by Helen Hays (Whittaker), opens strikingly and prettily with a delightful boy showing talent above his station and greatly interesting the reader. The story does not quite keep up to the high level of the opening chapter; but it is better than the average summer novel. —'BARBARA'S VAGARIES,' by Mary Langdon Tidball (Harper), were hardly worth chronicling. They are not the 'vagaries' of an attractive though mischievous girl; but the foolish pranks of a hoyden in whom the reader feels no interest, since her lack of good taste amounts to an utter lack of sympathy with any other feelings than her own. —'A PERFECT ADONIS' (Riverside Paper Series) is a much weaker story than it would have been supposed the author of 'Rutledge' could write. It is founded on the old and very poor plot of a girl forced into marriage by pity, to find later a man she loves better than her husband, and to be released by the timely death of the one she is legally bound to. There is nothing fine or new in the treatment to reconcile us to this hackneyed story, and there is much that is tedious and foolish, the characters, from Adonis down, being extremely uninteresting. —It is a pity that so good a writer as Edna Lyall should not learn condensation. Her novels are all too long, even for good novels, and 'Won by Waiting' (Appleton) seems to have more of 'waiting' in it than of 'won.' It is one of the stories made up by telling what a certain set of people did every day of their lives for years, whether it has any bearing on the general plot or not. It is all well enough, but nothing about it excites any deep interest; and the novel, indeed, as a whole is so inferior to the author's others, that it reads more like her first than her latest attempt. —'SOMEBODY'S STORY,' written for a charitable purpose, was hardly worth republishing in Lovell's Library, even for those who may be craving something in the manner of Hugh Conway's work. It is so short that it could only form enough for a very slight pamphlet by publishing with it a *fac-simile* of the entire manuscript. The buyer of the book purchases in reality a 'story' which occupies just about twenty very small pages. To be sure, he is only required to pay ten cents for the twenty pages; but they are hardly worth half a cent a page.

Minor Notices.

THEODORE S. VAN DYKE's book on 'Southern California: Its Valleys, Hills, and Streams; its Animals, Birds, and Fishes; its Gardens, Farms, and Climate' (Fords, Howard & Hulbert) is just the book which a prospective resident and traveller in the attractive region described will desire to take with him. Much of it, of course, is given to the sports of forest, stream and flood, in which the author of 'The Still-Hunter' delights. But there is a great deal of careful description and judicious suggestion, which any intending visitor will be glad to possess. The author claims for Southern California the advantage over Florida that it is a country 'where both winter and summer will bring pleasure and comfort.' —OUR nearest relations, in the Darwinian sense, are brought to our attention, in an interesting manner, by Prof. Hartmann's volume on 'Anthropoid Apes' (Appleton's International Scientific Series), where will be found the results of the latest researches relating to the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang-

outang and the other caricatures of humanity, whose traits have such a weird fascination for the student. The work covers much the same ground as Professor Huxley's well-known treatise on 'Man's Place in Nature'; but there is less of theory, and a much larger accumulation of facts. There are numerous illustrations; and the resemblances and differences—which are equally striking—between man and these uncomfortable mockeries of his type are well brought out. Besides anatomical and other details, there are entertaining chapters on the habits of these creatures, both in their wild state and in captivity. The author considers them more intelligent than any others of the lower animals, but remarks that neither their intelligence nor their character improves with age. The older apes are almost always more brutish in look and temper than their young. But is this, perhaps, the way of humanity also?

THE PUTNAMs have added to Hart's series of German Classics for American Students a fifth volume, edited by Pauline Buchheim, and containing the 'Ausgewählte Briefe' of Schiller. The selections from Schiller's correspondence are carefully made, and they include letters to Körner, Goethe, his future wife, Wilhelm von Humboldt and others. A brief introduction brings before the reader the relations of Schiller to these correspondents. Thirty-five pages of notes supply all needed grammatical, philological, biographical and historical information.—A NEW edition of Hinton's 'Mystery of Pain' has been published by Cupples, Upham & Co. in a very attractive style. It is edited by James R. Nichols, who in a brief introduction pays tribute to the genius of the author and the great merit of his book. No word of praise can add anything to the value of this little work, which has now taken its place as one of the classics of religious literature. The tender, reverent and searching spirit of the author has come as a great consolation and help to many persons.—REV. J. R. MILLER publishes through T. Y. Crowell & Co. a volume of 'Silent Times,' which is intended as 'a help in reading the Bible into life.' It is founded on the custom in Wellesley College of having a brief period of silence at night and in the morning, when all the inmates of the College are supposed to pass a few minutes in prayer or serious meditation. The themes chosen by the author are those of worship and devotion, and they are treated in a simple and devout manner.—THE GERMAN SOLDIER in the Wars of the United States, by J. G. Rosengarten (Lippincott), is a trustworthy and interesting little book, showing the devotion of the Germans to their adopted country, and the patriotism with which they have defended it. Much research and enthusiasm have gone into the writing of it, and it adds a noble chapter to the history of our country.

JOHN CHURTON COLLINS is not, as yet, well known in America; but he is one of the ablest of young English literary critics, from whom good work is to be expected. His first literary appearance, so far as we know, was as editor (1878) of the works of that strange and at times powerful Elizabethan dramatist, Cyril Tourneur. In his introductory essay, prefixed to Tourneur's plays, Mr. Collins showed that he could combine criticism with enthusiasm. A later proof of his powers has just been given in two excellent essays (*Pall Mall Gazette*, May 28 and 31, 1886) on the folly of classical scholars in their attempts to defend the study of the classics on merely philological grounds, when modern literatures and thought are loudly demanding attention in the universities. Mr. Collins's abilities are further shown in his first book reprinted in America: 'Bolingbroke, an Historical Study; and Voltaire in England' (Harper). The three Bolingbroke essays are from *The Quarterly Review*, and discuss respectively Bolingbroke's political career, his life in exile, and his writings. They are bright, able and eminently readable, and arouse

a hope that the old-fashioned quarterly essay of the best type, with its picturesque description, its antithetical analysis, and its delightful literary tone, is not wholly to be crowded aside by the heterogeneous signed pamphlets which too often are called 'review articles,' nowadays. The Voltaire papers, from *The Cornhill*, are good, but should not have been bound up with the Bolingbroke essays, which, by themselves, form an excellent monograph.

THE name of 'Edmund Kirke' (J. R. Gilmore) was more familiar twenty years ago than it is now; for his 'Among the Pines' and other writings, in the old *Continental Monthly* and elsewhere, were popular during the War period. Mr. Gilmore makes his reappearance, after a considerable interval, as the author of 'The Rear-Guard of the Revolution' (Appleton), in which he details in readable fashion the pioneer work and the Indian wars of the early settlers of western North Carolina and eastern Tennessee. John Sevier, James Robertson and Isaac Shelby are the three heroes, of whom Sevier is painted in the most glowing colors. Making all due allowances for the enthusiasm of a writer who thinks he has made an historic 'find,' the reader will follow with interest this account of the patriotic services of hardy men who helped to defeat the British-Indian coalitions during the Revolution.—THE principal address at the dedication of Wilson Hall, the fine new library-building of Dartmouth College, was appropriately delivered by Judge Mellen Chamberlain, Librarian of the Boston Public Library, a Dartmouth graduate. Judge Chamberlain ably described the nature and office of a great library, and also pointed out, in an original way, the historic relations between Anglo-Saxon civilization and American literature. The address would have gained by condensation and a more systematic arrangement. The proof-reading is also inaccurate: in a single sentence (p. 20) one finds 'Marlow' for Marlowe, 'Spencer' for Spenser, 'Marvel' for Marvell, and 'Brown' for Browne.

'THROUGH the Yellowstone Park on Horseback,' by George W. Wingate, illustrated (Orange Judd Co.), is much the best practical guide-book we have yet had for that wonderful region. It is a plain, simple, just and accurate record of the average experiences of the tourist. A map of the Park is conveniently stowed in a small pocket at the back of the book, instead of being bound up with it, thus greatly facilitating the process of studying it. The author is quite right in asserting that at present camping-out, with one's own outfit, is the only successful way of seeing the Park. The five hotels are at such distances apart, that to reach one of them every night necessitates an amount of stage-riding which occupies to a trying extent the time more profitably employed in sight-seeing at the interesting points.—'A TEXAS COW-BOY,' by Chas. A. Siringo (Chicago: Siringo & Dobson), is not one of the *dilettante* tales of a recent convert to the delights of 'roughing it,' but the actual record of fifteen years 'on the hurricane deck of a Spanish pony,' by one to the manner born. There are a great many pistols and black eyes in it; but the book is saved from suspicion as a dime-novel by its evident genuineness, while the author disarms literary criticism by saying frankly that he doesn't suppose he has done much in a literary way, but that he hopes the critics will generously take into consideration that he had fits until he was ten years old. The personal record is followed by several short chapters with practical information for prospective cowboys and ranchmen, laying great stress upon what is undoubtedly a very important point: the preparation for winter feed for stock. The writer's dedication is at least original, in offering 'the first 316 pages' to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Myers, and the Addenda to the Hon. 'Brick' Pomeroy.

Magazine Notes

THE descriptive articles of *The Century* are on 'Algiers and its Suburbs,' dealing with the contrasts rather than the repetitions of history, and elaborately illustrated; on Heidelberg, by Lucy M. Mitchell, summing up the history of the famous town since the opening of the University, five hundred years ago; and on 'Sea-Birds at the Farne Islands,' by Bryan Hook, who also contributes the illustrations to his article, describing the birds on that Northumberland coast associated with the heroic Grace Darling. 'The Western Art Movement' is an excellent paper for the lady to read who wrote from Boston to a friend in Chicago: 'We at the centre are so glad to be of any assistance to you who are struggling with the difficulties of frontier life.' Mr. Hitchcock's article shows that the 'frontier' is at least struggling to some purpose. A portrait of John Burroughs is accompanied by a brief criticism on his last two books by Edith Thomas. On the principle of set a thief to catch a thief, this one subtle interpreter of nature interpreting the other subtle lover of nature, ought certainly to catch the secret of it all for the rest of us. Charles G. Leland gives the story of 'A Gypsy Beauty,' with her portrait. One of the excellent points in Mr. Stockton's new story, 'The Casting away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine,' is that it is 'to be continued.' Mr. Howells's *protégé* has now reached the point of thinking he won't be engaged to Statera, and ceases to be thrilled by her coquettish way of saying 'Manda!' The short story of the number is by Julian Hawthorne. Fredericksburg is the centre for the numerous War papers. Dr. Gladden's 'Is it Peace or War?' refers to the conflict between 'labor' and 'capital.'

The August *Lippincott's* is full of out-door breeziness. John Burroughs finds renewed pleasure for us all in Gilbert White's enjoyment of nature; John Habberton paddles for pleasure in the Experience Meetings; John M. Ward contributes notes of a 'base-ballist'; and L. E. Myers makes some confessions of a 'champion athlete'; while the poetry is all about roses and the charms of wild Western prairie life. The 'Blunder' in Norris's serial is beginning to show itself; and Miss Tincker contributes an admirable short story, 'Lolita,' even fuller than usual of her well-known strength and picturesque grace as a writer. The account of the bull-fight is singularly powerful and fine, from the first description of the bull gazing at the audience and wondering at the meaning of 'this gigantic ring-serpent with its tail in its mouth and its every scale a human face,' to that unique verdict on the entertainment: 'Fair will be the day when there shall be on earth nothing more cruel than a strong, free beast set up to fight for his life, though hopelessly, with ten thousand men and women to know how and why he dies! Better far the being wounded to death in the arena, open to the day before men's eyes, than the long stinging of poisonous hate that murders slowly in the dark!' 'The Banks in 1861,' by A. S. Bolles, gives an account of the most important financial negotiation of the century, without parallel in history.

In *The Popular Science Monthly* Prof. Huxley, in an article on 'The Extension of Scientific Teaching,' laments the tendency of the man of science to become a narrower and narrower specialist. Prof. Butler, writing of 'The Progress of Psychical Research,' acknowledges that the results so far are slight, but claims that they are interesting. David A. Wells deals with a particularly timely topic—the present and future relations, political and commercial, between Mexico and the United States. In 'Causes of the Present Commercial Crisis,' Paul Leroy-Beaulieu condemns the interference of the State. 'Genius and Precocity' are shown by the statistics of James Sully to be closer akin than is generally supposed; Prof. Bolton writes of the 'Progress in Chemistry' which is characterized by the improved and economic production of known substances, by the discovery and manufacture of entirely new ones, and by novel appli-

cations of both these classes as well as of waste materials; while there are articles on woods and fungi, mineral springs of eastern France, the Canadian agrarian agitation, 'Good Time and its Ascertainment,' etc. Prof. Rowland writes of the importance of the physical laboratory in modern education, in cultivating the love of truth, the care in its pursuit, and the humility of mind which recognizes constantly the possibility of error.

In *Macmillan's* for July T. H. Wheeler has a paper on Gen. Barrios, late President of Guatemala, giving a strong and distinct picture of the remarkable man whose beneficent tyranny made him so conspicuous before the world, even on the small stage where he played his part. Goldwin Smith contributes an article on 'The Capital of the United States,' dwelling on the wonderful changes in the city on the Potomac within the last twenty years. A layman's 'Philosophy of Diet' is built on the principle that one man's meat is another man's poison. John Burroughs writes exhaustively of 'The Literary Value of Science,' and does not think that science will ever cast out literature.—*The English Illustrated* is a rarely enjoyable number. 'My Friend Jim' is one of the best novels of the year. 'A Garden of Memories' is equally good in its own way. Hugh Thompson's Sir Roger is almost a new creation in its delightfulness, the refinement of the humor being one of the most grateful qualities of these delicate drawings. The descriptive articles are on Old Chester and Leicester House, and Mr. Gosse contributes an exquisitely illustrated poem, with a rare music in its rhythm, and more meaning and fancy in its harmonious lines than in nine out of ten of magazine verses.

William Jackson Armstrong writes fully and entertainingly in *The Brooklyn Magazine* of 'Hamlet's City'; George W. Bungay writes of Dr. Holmes as 'England's American Lion'; and Mrs. Beecher sends an enthusiastic letter about Mr. Gladstone's speech in Liverpool. The publication of Mr. Beecher's prayer in a London church seems in questionable taste, reminding one of the prayer once described as 'the most eloquent ever addressed to a Boston audience.' Dr. Talmage, in his department, tells his hearers, or readers, that he is 'glad to tell you that while these twelve gates—of heaven—stand open to let a great multitude in, there are twelve angels to keep some people out.' One is somewhat puzzled, on finding in the paragraphs following that the people who are to be shut out are the very useful ones who build churches and are famous for charities, who were highly honorable on earth, and perfectly moral, while the ones to go in are those who confess that they do not deserve to go in at all. Later, it is explained that the latter are admitted because they 'have heard that there is a saving power in the blood of Jesus.' Eloquence such as this, by which heaven becomes a religious Canada instead of Canaan, is of questionable value in setting high standards before the people.

The Forum understands the art of giving titles—not to its contributors, for here there is great self-restraint—but to its articles. The August number illustrates this. Who that could get past 'The Revolt of the Majority,' in which the Rev. Geo. Batchelor outlines the recent growth of democratic ideas, would not be captured by the 'Confessions of a Roman Catholic,' in which an unnamed writer claims as much real independence for American Catholics as the German prelates are currently believed to have surrendered to Italy in 1870? Who could withstand Mr. Bishop's 'Newspaper Espionage?' Then we have Mr. Camp on 'Our African Continent,' Dr. Edson on 'Poisons in Food and Drink,' and Mr. Garczynski on 'Juggling in Art,' by which he means Impressionism with a very large I. Mr. Carnegie has something more to say about 'The Labor Struggle,' and Captain Greely tells us 'What we Know about the Weather'; the man who tells how he was educated is this time Prof. W. T. Harris; and the list is ended by Prof. W. J. Beecher, of Auburn, who makes

discriminating criticisms on 'The New Total Abstinence Creed.' This number completes Volume I. and contains an index by authors and titles both.

The Church Review changes with its July number from a quarterly to a monthly. Of its four articles, Bishop Huntingdon writes the first, taking a hand in the 'Labor' discussion. John Dunlop treats in popular fashion 'The Early Creeds of Asia'; the Rev. Alfred Lee Royce briefly describes 'The Universities' Mission, Zanzibar'; while the Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Dean has an article—astounding alike for its attitude, its exegesis, its history and its logic—against marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Beside these, there are only some book-notices. This new monthly is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. —*The Bibliotheca Sacra* for July contains two articles of noteworthy scholarship: the continuation of Prof. G. H. Schodde's careful translation, from the Ethiopic, of 'The Book of Jubilees'; and 'The Revision of Genesis,' by Prof. C. R. Brown, of Newton Theological Seminary. President Fairchild discusses 'Probation,' with a curious neglect of historical method; Dr. A. H. Ross writes of 'Pastors and Acting Pastors in the Congregational Churches'; Rev. E. T. Hooker of 'The Family and the Church.' There are two or three other articles—one by Prof. S. I. Curtiss, on 'The Revision' in general; two attacks on Andover doctrine (which one writer is bold and bad enough to stigmatize as 'Andover-Dornerian views'); and a number of book-notices. (Oberlin, Ohio.)

Le Livre for June has an article on the eccentric poet, journalist and lawyer, Paulin Gagne, who died in 1876. His numerous works are now very difficult to obtain. Under the title of 'Les Épaves des Grandes Restaurations,' Adolphe Racot gives an account of four historical romances by Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, written to fill a newspaper contract made by Dumas, *père*, and published in 1849-50-51. Victor Hugo's hitherto unpublished poem, 'La Fin de Satan,' which has recently appeared, is reviewed at length by Bernard H. Gaussion, who speaks of it as 'taking, in the contemporary period, the place that Dante has given to his Divine Comedy in the Christian world of the Middle ages.' —*The Nuova Antologia* of June 16th has an appreciative paper by Enrico Nencioni, on Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, in which that young English poet is compared with Mrs. Browning. The first part of this article is devoted to a review of English poetical development in the present century. The restorations of the Lateran Church at Rome are fully described by O. Marucchi; the commercial position of Great Britain forms the subject of a serious article; and a novel, 'Costanza,' by Grazia Pierantoni Mancini, is begun. In the number of July 1st a group of young Italian poets is sympathetically handled by Giosuè Carducci, and the English political crisis is treated of by R. Bonghi. Science is represented by one of a series of chapters on hypnotism, by A. Mosso, and a paper on the recent eruption of Mount Etna.

Many phases of American history are touched upon in *The Magazine of American History* for July. Civil War episodes are handled by Alfred E. Lee, Col. Charles Jones, Jr., and Charles A. Patch. The post-Revolutionary period is represented by an interesting illustrated article on Montpelier, the home of General Knox, by E. Marguerite Lindley. Some letters of Lady Harriett Ackland, one of the heroines of the American Revolution, are given in the department of original documents. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb writes of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and excellent engravings of portraits of these two royal personages accompany her text. —Miss Kate Vannah has an interesting study of Eugénie de Guérin in *The Catholic World*. There are some striking quotations from the journal of this sweet soul, whose name would probably be unknown to American readers to-day but for her friendship with Maurice.

MR. BISHOP'S 'Choy Susan, and Other Stories' may now be read in the flexible covers of the Riverside Paper Series.

The Lounger

THERE is no sign as yet that the world has begun to forget the late Helen Jackson. It will be a year on the 12th instant since her long-to-be-lamented death occurred; yet her memory is still kept green, not only by her own posthumous poems and stories, but by a succession of poems in her praise and critical or reminiscent prose articles by her readers and friends. There was, for instance, in the last *Princeton Review*, a chapter of reminiscences by Louis Swinburne (I wonder, by the way, where Mr. Swinburne found the poem he refers to, about a flower on a snowy deck); and in the August *Atlantic* there is a memorial sonnet by H. H.'s *protégée*, Miss Edith M. Thomas, which has already been copied in *THE CRITIC*. In these columns, too, is reprinted this week a long-withheld and but recently published lament by Mrs. Jackson herself. In *The Mail and Express* there appeared last month a paper describing a visit to the poet's grave; and a similar article in *The Christian Union* of July 29th, was accompanied by a sonnet called 'Cheyenne Mountain'—the site of the burial-place which has already drawn many pilgrims to a spot that was loved by the woman who now lies buried there.

IT IS TO one of the editors of *The Christian Union*, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, that the task has been entrusted of writing H. H.'s life. The work is progressing satisfactorily, I hear, though no date has yet been assigned for its publication; and Mr. Mabie would still be glad to hear from any one who possesses any material that might add to the accuracy and completeness of his sketch. From a circular which consists of a reprinted article from the *Union* of March 11th, I learn that the Indian Industrial School, instituted as a department of the University of New Mexico, is about to be divided, the boys' division being placed under the control of the Indian Bureau at Washington, and the girls' remaining under the direction of the University. This school for Indian girls has been named 'Ramona,' in honor of H. H., and no more fitting memorial of that devoted friend of the Indian race could have been devised. Her admirers cannot show their high regard for her in a more practical way than by addressing contributions for the endowment of the Ramona School to Anna C. Granger, Old South Meeting-House, Boston, or direct to the President of the University—the Rev. H. O. Ladd, who has just returned to Santa Fé from a trip to the East on which he has been successful in obtaining some additions to the fund.

A NEW design for postcards is said to have been accepted by the Post Office Department. I hope it will prove to be a better one, artistically, than that with which we are now familiar, with its indistinct typography, and its clumsy background for the legend 'United States Postal Card'; and I hope the back-handed and elliptical warning, 'Nothing but the address to be on this side,' has been changed to the briefer and more direct direction, 'Put only the address on this side.'

The Star complains, not wholly without justice, of the inadequate recognition of the literary man in America. It points out that the lack of International Copyright, which legalizes the stealing of foreign books, forces him to 'face a competition against which the most unskilled day-laborer is defended—that is, competition with unpaid labor.' This is very true and very disgraceful. Prizes are offered for pictures by American painters; hundreds of thousands of dollars are contributed to the fostering of American opera. But no prize is given to American authors, either by the Government or by private citizens or by corporations. This is less true and less lamentable. Unless I am much mistaken, prizes and rewards for literary exercises are not unknown in American schools and colleges; and at least one periodical—the widely-circulated *Youth's Companion*, of Boston—is in the habit of offering, every year, prizes amounting to several thousands of dollars, for short stories and serials. Moreover, corporations have been known to offer prizes for essays and poems; and as for private citizens, is not Mr. P. T. Barnum a private citizen, and did he not, only two short years ago, offer a prize of \$500 for the best poem on the White Elephant?

'THERE are believed to be more great men in America than in all the rest of the world put together,' says *The Saturday Review*; and it puts Mr. Barnum at their head. Of course the surly *Saturday* means that the abundance of great men in America is a figment of the American imagination—that we attribute greatness to men who were not born great, who have

not achieved greatness, and who have not had greatness thrust upon them. It is interesting, therefore, to learn on the authority of a well-known English weekly—the *London Academy*—that we have a great man among us of whose greatness we have never taken note. This is none other than 'the Rev. Dr. W. C. Winslow,' about whom we learn a good deal from *The Academy* of July 24th, wherein, on page 56, is recorded the startling fact that an honorary degree has just been conferred upon the gentleman in question 'by his own college of Hamilton, Newhaven.'

HAVING made this discovery, we turn to page 57, only to find, under the attractive headline, 'The Rev. Dr. Winslow, of Boston, U. S. A.,' a half-column article that begins with these words: 'On July 1, at the "commencement" fête of Hamilton College, Newhaven, U. S. A., his Alma Mater, the Rev. W. C. Winslow, of Boston, Mass., received the hon. degree of Doctor of Philology.' We are then told that Dr. Winslow is 'an ardent advocate of the great Free Church movement which has long been gaining ground in the United States;' that he is a 'member of the committee of the New England Historical Society,' and of the 'committee for the Revision of the Constitution and Bye-laws of the Eastern Convocation in the Diocese of Massachusetts;' that he is 'a leading writer' for *THE CRITIC* and 'other organs of the American press;' and that in Europe he is 'best known by his zealous labors in the cause of Egyptian exploration, as more fully reported in *The Academy* of last week.'

IT IS POSITIVELY distressing to think that an American so renowned abroad should be practically unknown to his own countrymen; but the recent action of his Alma Mater in making Dr. Winslow an honorary Doctor of Philology may be taken as a sign that we are awakening to the greatness of that reverend gentleman. But will *The Academy* believe me when I say, on the authority of the editors of *THE CRITIC*, that Dr. Winslow is not 'a leading writer' for this journal—unless the printing of a brief communication from his pen a year or so ago may be held to justify such a claim in his behalf; and will it explain what it means by calling 'his own college of Hamilton, Newhaven,' 'one of the two great Presbyterian colleges of the United States?' The 'two great Presbyterian colleges of the United States' are Yale and Princeton, and the former is located at New Haven (not Newhaven), Connecticut; while Hamilton is situated at Clinton, New York. But perhaps Dr. Winslow has a Hamilton College of 'his own' somewhere in New Haven, which he has succeeded in hiding from all but English eyes with as much skill as he has shown in keeping the secret of his greatness unknown to every one but the editor of *The Academy*.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THE August *Magazine of Art* has for frontispiece a fine wood-engraving of Dante Rossetti's 'Ecce Ancilla Domini.' The review of the Royal Academy, under the head of 'Current Art,' though very readable is not very profound art-criticism. 'Animals in Decoration,' by W. J. Nettlehip, is a quaint paper, quaintly illustrated. The strongest article in the number is Charles de Kay's 'Group of Colorists,' which treats of Georges Michel, Germain Ribot, Monticelli and J. Alden Weir. The relief which the other papers, by English writers, give to this article illustrates well the difference between American and English methods of art-writing. Cosmo Monkhouse on Japanese art and Andrew Lang on 'Dionysus' Sea-Faring,' a Greek vase-decoration, are worthy of attention.

—The *Art Journal* for August (International News Co.) is especially valuable for its full account of the art and industrial branches of the London Colonial and Indian Exhibition. The text is well written and the illustrations excellent. Joseph Hatton's descriptions of Henry Irving's *impressions de voyage* in Holland are very Boswellian. 'A New Ground for Artists,' by Miss P. Townsend, is a nicely-illustrated and agreeably-written sketch of a French seaport rather off the usual line of travel. Harry Fenn illustrates a paper on Niagara by A. M. Fenn.

The *Decorator and Furnisher* for July devotes an unusual amount of space to articles on inexpensive artistic decoration and furnishing. A paper on the decoration of the transat-

lantic steamer is quite a revelation to the untravelled mind. Useful to decorative designers is the illustrated paper on church crosses and other ecclesiastical symbols. One of the full-page illustrations is a design for a stairway, which is a fine example of the most pretentious and incongruous manner of the American architectural decorator.

—*Shoppell's Modern Houses* contains, in its current quarterly number, many designs of interior and exterior architecture of a kind adapted to average needs. Fifty-five designs for modern residences are given, with descriptions and estimates of cost. A four-page cardboard design, giving the different parts of a house to be joined in a model, is a novel feature of this number. Viollet le Duc's 'Habitations of Man' is running through this publication as a supplement.

—The *Portfolio* for July has an unusually suggestive and thoughtful piece of writing by Mr. Hamerton on 'Passive Imagination, or Reverie,' in its application to art. Raphael's frescoes in the Farnesina Palace at Rome—the Cupid and Psyche series—are appreciatively described by Selwyn Brinton. The illustrations of this article are very good. A fine full-page etching by Massé, after Toudouze, shows two children—a boy and a girl of the Louis XIII. epoch—dancing the *pavane*. The frontispiece is an excellent example of the best school of mezzotint engraving. It is by E. P. Brandard, after Rubens.

—Among the more important illustrations in the August *Art Amateur* are a figure study by Jules Breton, another by A. M. Lahaye, and a double-page charcoal sketch, by Henry Bacon, of the Revolutionary heroine 'Major Molly.'

—'The only result of all the discussion as to whether water-color drawings fade or not when exposed to the daylight,' says *The St. James's Gazette*, 'has been a splendid collection of old water-colors by Turner, David Cox, William Hunt, Prout, De Wint, James Holland, and other masters at the Royal Institute, which have been exposed to every kind of daylight for years, and certainly do not look "ruined and worn out." Sir James Linton could not have proved his theories in any better or more conclusive manner than by the practical evidence which he has given us in this really magnificent loan collection.'

An Old Poem by H. H.

UNDER the title of 'The Key and the Casket,' the following poem, written by H. H. on the 27th of May, 1865, was recently published in the *Jackson, Mich., Daily Patriot*. Mrs. Jackson (then Mrs. Hunt) was suffering, when she wrote it, from the recent loss of her last child, whose death had been preceded, not long before, by that of her husband, Major Hunt (Oct. 2d, 1863), and of her first-born son (in 1864). The manuscript was withheld from publication for nearly twenty-one years.

An angel laid his hold upon my hand
With sternest grip, and at my heedless feet
A flaming sword threw down to bar my way,
And cried: 'For sake of those around God's throne
Who love and pray for thee, He sendeth now
Once more, just once, this only once—and saith,
Oh wanderer and lost, why wilt thou thus
Gainsay the things of thy eternal peace?
From every open door through which my face
Hath shone on thee, and gifts have showered, thine eyes
In blindness and in pride have looked away;
In every easy, joyous path I have
Made plain [?], thy stubborn feet have still
Refused to walk, and clung and toiled in dust;
And even after cups of bitter grief,
Which I have given thee to drink, thou hast
Returned to broken cisterns of thine own,
And thirsted not for living water! Now
Remaineth unto thee but one more path;
Will open unto thee but one more door!
Here is the key! Oh, shrink not from the chill
But press its icy pain close to thy breast
And when thy heart is broken, turn and pray!

Thine only darling from thine anguished sight
Forever it has locked ; and past his grave
Now lies the road thy bleeding feet must tread.

* * * * *
Oh, pray for me all saintly ones who love
The Lord, and pity those whom He must scourge,
That never from that darkened path my soul
May backward turn, nor dare to halt for rest
Till Heaven be gained !

And oh, if there
Be one who walks, as I walked, unawares,
With little angel hands close clasped in hers,
Yet looks not to the skies ; with love no words
Can tell for her sweet children—yet to God
Gives cold remembrance, and mere form of thanks,
With tender yearnings for their joy and fill
Of earthly things—yet slender thought of Heaven.
Oh, stay ! Oh, turn ! or ever grief like mine
O'ertake thee ! Do the Master's bidding now
While yet the little hands may stay in thine—
While yet the morning sun may warm thy brow—
While yet the yoke is easy, and so light
The burden that it cannot tire ; while yet
All earthly gladness, and the peace of God
Who loveth cheerful givers best, may both
Be thine ; and with thine angels by thy side
Through life to death, through death to life, thy path
May shine until the perfect day ! Oh heed
This cry of grief, which would not that one heart
Beside its own should know such pain ; and heed
It also, for the precious sake and love
Of Him who ' doth not willingly inflict,'
But grieveth as our children's fathers grieve
For all who 'neath His dear Christ's vineyard walls
Sit idle till the eleventh hour, and then
Must enter by the darkened gate of woe,
With bitter ashes strewn upon their heads,
And lonely through the midnight toil and weep.

Franz Liszt.

[The New York Times.]

ABBÉ LISZT died at midnight last night [July 31st]. He attended the performances of 'Parsifal' and 'Tristan und Isolde' at the Wagner Theatre [Bayreuth], and seemed to be in somewhat better health than usual. He had been ailing for a long time.

Franz Liszt was born in the small town of Raiding, in Hungary, on October 22d, 1811. In a distant past his family ranked with the nobility, but it long since laid aside its claims to a title. This, however, was afterward restored by the Emperor of Austria as a compliment to the great composer. The lad's precocious talent for music manifested itself at an early age, and it induced his father, Adam Liszt—himself an amateur of no mean ability,—to cultivate it. Adam Liszt was his son's first teacher, and imparted to him his instruction for three years, until the nine-year-old lad played in public Ries's E-flat major concerto with so much success that his father resolved to give up a lucrative official position and devote himself to the education and interests of his son. A sum of money subscribed after the concert by some Hungarian magnates was to cover, and did cover, the necessary outlay for a period of six years. The Liszts went to Vienna, where Czerny instructed Franz in piano-playing and Salieri in composition. In 1823, in a concert in which Liszt took part in Vienna, Beethoven embraced him. This incident, with a subsequent visit to the master, to whose dwelling Schindler accompanied him, produced a deep impression upon the youthful performer. His father then sought to secure for him what, in those days, was deemed indispensable—the finishing touch of French masters. On the way to Paris the lad gave concerts in Stuttgart and Munich. These were brilliantly successful, but still greater triumphs awaited him in the French capital, where he was acclaimed in thirty almost successive performances. His parent's intention of obtaining his admittance to the Conservatory remained unfulfilled through statutory difficulties. Cherubini submitted him to an examination, which had satisfactory results, but would not change the regulations of the Conservatory for his benefit, and Reicha and Paer, instead of the composer of 'Medea,' became his teachers. Under the guidance of the former his skill as a composer first revealed itself, and a one-act opera, 'Don Sancho ; or, The Castle of Love,' was produced and given five times with encouraging consequences. Several piano composi-

tions next made their appearance, and a profitable concert tour followed. All went well until 1827, when the sudden death of his father at Boulogne robbed Liszt of a tender parent and valuable aid, and compelled him to look upon the practical side of life more closely than had hitherto been necessary. A brief period of poverty ensued, during which young Liszt, by composition and teaching, had to provide for his mother's wants and for his own ; at one time their needs were so pressing that he had to sell his piano. But the clouds soon broke, and the sunshine of fame and prosperity came forth, never to lose its brightness and warmth for full half a century.

The life of activity and self-reliance which Liszt entered upon after his father's death had, among other advantages, the effect of rescuing him from a whirlpool of religious doubts and anxiety which often threatened, if not to unsettle his reason, at least to end his career as an artist. His new associations and the spirit of the age changed of a sudden the fervent Catholic, with a passionate longing for the priesthood, into an enthusiastic partisan of St. Simon's 'New Christianity' and Socialistic theories. Liszt joined Chevalier and Pereire in their crusade against property and marriage. His illusions, however, were dispelled even more quickly than his religious fancies, and his wholesome nature soon awoke to reality. Fourier's theories convinced him at once that the solution of social problems was no task for him to undertake. Other men and manners moulded his views, although the influence of his association with the humanitarian school, perceptible in the composer's enduring sympathy with the poor and lowly, never quite died away. The principal salons of Parisian art and high life welcomed him. Lamartine, Hugo, Heine and George Sand were his intimates, and Meyerbeer, for whom he retained a life-long friendship, and Chopin, whose biographer he was afterward to become, his musical associates. Thus surrounded, it is not to be wondered at that the prevalent scepticism should have overcome him and turned him toward general unbelief. Strange to say, this mood proved no more lasting than its predecessors, and subsequent intercourse with Lamennais, the famed author of 'Paroles d'un Croyant,' ultimately led him back to a religious mysticism akin to that which possessed him of old.

The year 1834 proved an important epoch in his career. He met the Countess d'Agoult, and the *liaison* which commenced between the two lasted until 1844. Three children, a son and two daughters, were born to them. Liszt's son, and one of his daughters, who married the French Minister Ollivier, died long since ; Cosima, who was first married to von Bülow, whom she forsook to wed Wagner, still lives. The facts of the final separation from the Countess were never made public. Liszt parted with her, and, proceeding to Rome, took holy orders and was created an Abbé *in partibus*. His friends claimed that repentance for his stormy past urged him to this step ; his enemies averred that he sought refuge in the bosom of the Church to escape marrying. Future developments may reveal the truth, if indeed it be worth revealing. The Countess d'Agoult devoted herself to literature, and, under the *nom de plume* of Daniel Stern, won for herself a Continental reputation. She died in 1876. Liszt, after a brief retirement from public life, entered in earnest upon the career of a wandering virtuoso. At that precise period Thalberg was delighting Paris with his perfect tone and admirably correct technique. Liszt appeared, and his matchless fire and power caused the German's star to pale, if not to sink below the horizon. His chivalric presence, his noble head, crowned with long, thick locks, his graceful bearing, his perfect manners, and, above all, his unparalleled personal magnetism, added to his incomparable *fougue* and skill as an executant, carried everything before them. France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Russia, Norway and Sweden rang with his praises. The accounts of his progress read like absurd exaggerations of fact. Orders of knighthood, titles, the freedom of cities were lavished upon him ; processions went forth to greet him ; serenades made his every night melodious ; honors and gold were showered upon him. The fair sex especially went wild in their enthusiasm ; in phlegmatic Germany the broken strings of the pianos he played upon were made into bracelets and sold among his admirers. All this lasted until 1847.

And now the virtuoso reached a new phase of his active and varied existence. The long-repressed inclination to win celebrity through creative efforts broke out with irresistible force. His worldly affairs were in good order ; he had settled 100,000f. upon his mother and the same amount upon his children ; he had done much for charity ; the Beethoven monument at Bonn had been erected, thanks almost wholly to his contributions ; he felt free to essay his fortune in another direction. Choosing Weimar for his place of abode, he set about his new task. The mother of the Grand Duke was his steadfast friend ; her son

speedily shared her regard for the composer, and soon Liszt was intrusted with the complete control of affairs artistic in the Grand Duchy. From 1847 to 1849 he passed most of his time in Weimar; from 1849 to 1860 he seldom quitted the town, save to undertake brief journeys upon the Continent. The ten years of his abode in Weimar were divided between directing concerts and operatic performances, composing, imparting instruction to a favored few whose talent he deemed worthy of his attention, and adding an occasional chapter to the literature of music. The idea which resulted in the production of his symphonic poems was conceived in Weimar. The Ninth Symphony was played there under his direction on the occasion of the Goethe centennial. He made known the 'Romeo and Juliet' symphony of Berlioz to German audiences, and, having invited Berlioz to visit him, saw to it that the French composer should be received with all the honors due his genius. His crowning achievement, however, was the representation of Wagner's operas, undertaken at a period when patronage of the composer of 'Der Nibelungen Ring' called out the opposition, hostility, and even violence of the best half of the musical world. The story of Liszt's championship of Wagner would be a long one to narrate; its perusal shows what an indomitable will and extraordinary perseverance Liszt brought to the fulfilment of his desires, and the fierceness with which the struggle was for a long while waged between the innovator on one side and an imposing array of foemen on the other. In ten years hence what Liszt did toward establishing Wagner's celebrity will have passed out of mind. And yet but for his Weimar labors the 'music of the future' might still be entitled to its scornful designation. The war was waged until 1859, when the performance of 'The Barber of Bagdad,' an opera by Cornelius, Liszt's friend and pupil, gave rise to a public demonstration of disapproval which Liszt deemed it unwise to overlook. The apostle of the new school felt that the support of Dingelstedt, the Theatre Intendant, could not thenceforward be counted upon, and the chance of bringing forth 'Der Ring der Nibelungen' appeared more remote than ever. He resigned the conductorship of the Opera House and left Weimar, whither he did not return until 1863, when Cornelius and he were the recipients of a genuine ovation. Liszt spent the last twenty years of his life between Weimar, Rome, and Pesth, in which latter city he was appointed, in 1875, Director of the Musical Academy. His latest appearance as an actor in events of marked public interest was recorded in 1876, during the representations of the trilogy in Bayreuth, where his doings and sayings attracted quite as much attention as those of Wagner, whose hospitality he had accepted.

[The Pall Mall Gazette, June 26th, 1885.]

In Weimar, immortalized by having been the home of Goethe and Schiller, under the shade of a Court that has always fostered art and science, lives Franz Liszt. Liszt, musician and author, deified by one-half of the inhabitants of the small Grand Ducal residence, and regarded with cynical respect by the other, is certainly the lion of Weimar—the cynosure of the eyes of all pilgrims thither. To have sought out this oasis in the midst of the dreary cornlands of central Germany, and not to have seen the 'Meister' (and this name is dearer to his ears than any other) is in the eyes of a German musician an unpardonable sin. Abbé Franz Liszt lives on the upper floor of a little house belonging to the Grand Duke in the outskirts of the town, bordering on the park. This cottage, known as the Hofgärtnerlei, is a charming retreat; the river Ilm meanders leisurely through the thick trees, and the groves along its banks re-echo at all hours of the day and night to the touch of the grand piano in the Hofgärtnerlei, under the 'Meister's' hand; for Liszt is no ordinary mortal, and makes about three short nights and three short days out of twenty-four hours. His position at the Grand Ducal Court is that of Chamberlain. This is a sinecure office in his case, and is only intended as a tribute to his merits—a chain by which to attach him to the Court; and this office secures him a sufficiency, though not more, while the Royal kitchen caters for his midday wants. The Meister is now about seventy-two years of age. His classic profile and thick white hair are well known to all devotees of music, and it would not perhaps be going too far were he to be described as being the greatest living musician. There is, at all events, no living musician of any note that has not worshipped at the feet of this Gamaliel of the tonic art. Himself the pupil of Beethoven, the father-in-law of Herr von Bülow and Richard Wagner, the preceptor of Rubinstein and Sophie Menter, he is the link between the music of the past and the music of the future. The Meister is only during the spring and summer resident in Weimar—the rest of the year is divided between his native Buda-Pesth and Rome. But, live where he may, he is

constantly surrounded by a swarm of satellites, in the shape of pupils male and female. Some of these, Icarus-like, soar too high and melt into obscurity; for the Meister is a most exacting preceptor, and his frowning disapproval often condemns an over-ambitious and over-confident pupil to insignificance. 'Aut Cæsar aut nullus.' The Meister's ideas, conceptions, and style of music must be scrupulously observed, or else—*fort*.

Liszt is a man of the world in the highest degree, a gallant host, a convivial guest, but he adds to these qualities others of a far more solid kind. When his life one day comes to be written, it will be recorded that no more self-denying and no kinder-hearted man ever existed. Many a promising pupil would, but for his material assistance, have been unable to pursue his or her career. In his early years he experienced the greatest triumphs due to his art, and takes no little pride in knowing in how high esteem his genius is held. The great refreshment of his declining years lies in handing down to posterity through the medium of others, whom he has especially chosen, his conceptions of music as a science, to be a living testimony to his greatness. There may be a little pardonable self-laudation in this, but there is no doubt that to have been a pupil of Liszt is a passport to most of the concert-halls of the world. It must be remembered that 'musical excellence' is the only introduction required to the charmed circle of which he is the centre; but it must be excellence such as to augur greatness in the future. Not one farthing of pecuniary remuneration does he ever accept from any pupil. Between two and four o'clock in the afternoon of about three days in the week musical reunions are held in the Meister's salon. There are then gathered together about twenty pupils around his grand piano—pupils is perhaps hardly the name suited to the persons there collected. It might be said that there were assembled a number of admirers looking to their chief for words of approbation, encouragement, and advice, but yet pupils they call themselves. A pupil is invited to play. Liszt's *modus operandi* is to allow them to choose their own pieces. The young lady singled out seats herself; the Meister paces the room and beats time with his finger; all the eyes of the remaining nineteen enthusiasts are fixed upon his face; a nod of approval means sullen looks from the nineteen; at remarks such as, 'Go on, go on,' 'That is your way,' 'Tastes differ,' the nineteen faces light up with glee and flash exultation, for this means failure on this occasion, and the sole endeavor of these rival artistes is to narrow the circle of the Meister's admirers and favorites. It is, however, the highest reward if the player be constantly interrupted, and if the Meister himself takes his seat at the piano and replays the few bars. This is recognition indeed. It is a bad sign if the piece is allowed to be finished without comment; the more frequent the interruptions, the greater as a rule the performer's perfection in the art—except, of course, in the case of a really famous performer. For Liszt, though sympathetic, is sparing of his interest until a first-rate standard has been reached.

That green-eyed monster, jealousy, plays nowhere in the world a greater rôle than in Weimar generally, and in the Meister's salon in particular. Petty intrigues to gain the great man's favor or to bring a rival into disfavor are unceasingly going on. To possess one of the hairs from the Meister's venerable head, to kiss his hand, and, in the case of a lady, to be chastely kissed upon the brow in return, constitutes the sole bliss of the hard-worked worshipper of Liszt. Weimar echoes not with the din of arsenals and workshops, but with the clanging and banging of some scores of pianos, each endeavoring to out-Herod Herod, and to forge weapons to assert the superiority of Liszt in the musical world. While his pupils are interchanging glances and looking askance, the great man sometimes—not unfrequently—retires to his buffet and refreshes himself with a glad red wine. By four o'clock the séance is over, and now woe to the poor Meister, and woe to the happy possessor should he present a flower to any young lady as a mark of special favor. Those who know him more intimately will then successively upbraid him, and will, until they have received other and similar tokens of recognition, plot against the now luckless possessor. Those who stand more outside the charmed circle will beg morsels of the costly flower, and treasure them in their secretaires as souvenirs. It may therefore be readily conjectured that such marks of distinction are but seldom given.

The rest of the great Meister's waking hours are mostly given up to the composition of oratorios, one of which, 'Die heilige Elisabeth,' he conducted and introduced to the world at Marburg in 1883. Thus lives and thus works Liszt, the Altmeister of the tonic art; and so long as he lives the classic groves along the Ilm will not miss a worthy successor to the celebrities that have made the name of Weimar famous.

Edmund Burke.*

[Augustine Birrell, in *The Contemporary Review*.]

IN 1761 that shrewd old gossip, Horace Walpole, met Burke for the first time at dinner, and remarks of him in a letter to George Montague:

I dined at Hamilton's yesterday: there were Garrick, and young Mr. Burke, who wrote a book, in the style of Lord Bolingbroke, that was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days.

But great as were Burke's literary powers, and passionate as was his fondness for letters and for literary society, he never seems to have felt that the main burden of his life lay in that direction. He looked to the public service, and this though he always believed that the pen of a great writer was a more powerful and glorious weapon than any to be found in the armory of politics. This faith of his comes out sometimes queerly enough. For example, when Dr. Robertson in 1777 sent Burke his cheerful History of America in quarto volumes, Burke in the most perfect good faith closes a long letter of thanks thus:

You will smile when I send you a trifling temporary production made for the occasion of the day, and to perish with it, in return for your immortal work.

I have no desire to say anything disrespectful of Principal Robertson; but still, when we remember that the temporary production he got in exchange for his History of America was Burke's immortal letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol on the American War, we must, I think, be forced to admit that, as so often happens when a Scotchman and an Irishman do business together, the former got the better of the bargain.

Burke's first public employment was of a humble character, and might well have been passed over in a sentence, had it not terminated in a most delightful quarrel, in which Burke conducted himself like an Irishman of genius. Sometime in 1759 he became acquainted with William Gerard Hamilton, commonly called 'Single-speech Hamilton,' on account of the celebrity he gained from his first speech in Parliament, and the steady way in which his oratorical reputation went on waning ever after. In 1761 this gentleman went over to Ireland as Chief Secretary, and Burke accompanied him as the Secretary's secretary, or, in the unlicensed speech of Dublin, as Hamilton's jackal. This arrangement was eminently satisfactory to Hamilton, who found, as generations of men have found after him, Burke's brains very useful, and he determined to borrow them for the period of their joint lives. Animated by this desire, in itself praiseworthy, he busied himself in procuring for Burke a pension of £300 a year on the Irish establishment, and then the simple 'Single-speech' thought the transaction closed. He had bought his poor man of genius, and paid for him on the nail with other people's money. Nothing remained but for Burke to draw his pension and devote the rest of his life to maintaining Hamilton's reputation. There is nothing at all unusual in this, and I have no doubt Burke would have stuck to his bargain, had not Hamilton conceived the fatal idea that Burke's brains were *exclusively* his (Hamilton's). Then the situation became one of risk and apparent danger.

Burke's imagination began playing round the subject: he saw himself a slave, blotted out of existence—mere fuel for Hamilton's flame. In a week he was in a towering passion. Few men can afford to be angry. It is a run upon their intellectual resources they cannot meet. But Burke's treasury could well afford the luxury; and his letters to Hamilton make delightful reading to those who, like myself, dearly love a dispute when conducted according to the rules of the game by men of great intellectual wealth. Hamilton demolished and reduced to a stony silence, Burke sat down again and wrote long letters to all his friends, telling them the whole story from beginning to end. I must be allowed a quotation from one of these letters, for this really is not so frivolous a matter as I am afraid I have made it appear—a quotation of which this much may be said, that nothing more delightfully Burkean is to be found anywhere:

MY DEAR MASON,

I am hardly able to tell you how much satisfaction I had in your letter. Your approbation of my conduct makes me believe much the better of both you and myself; and I assure you that that approbation came to me very seasonably. Such proofs of a warm, sincere, and disinterested friendship were not wholly unnecessary to my support at a time when I experienced such bitter effects of the perfidy and ingratitude of much longer and much closer connections. The way in

which you take up my affairs binds me to you in a manner I cannot express; for to tell you the truth, I never can (knowing as I do the principles upon which I always endeavor to act) submit to any sort of compromise of my character; and I shall never therefore look upon those who, after hearing the whole story, do not think me *perfectly* in the right, and do not consider Hamilton an infamous scoundrel, to be in the smallest degree my friends, or even to be persons for whom I am bound to have the slightest esteem, as fair and just estimators of the characters and conduct of men. Situated as I am, and feeling as I do, I should be just as well pleased that they totally condemned me, as that they should say there were faults on both sides, or that it was a disputable case, as I hear is (I cannot forbear saying) the affected language of some persons. . . . You cannot avoid remarking, my dear Mason, and I hope not without some indignation, the unparalleled singularity of my situation. Was ever a man before me expected to enter into formal, direct, and undisguised slavery? Did ever man before him confess an attempt to decoy a man into such an alleged contract, not to say anything of the impudence of regularly pleading it? If such an attempt be wicked and unlawful (and I am sure no one ever doubted it), I have only to confess his charge, and to admit myself his dupe, to make him pass, on his own showing, for the most consummate villain that ever lived. The only difference between us is, not whether he is not a rogue—for he not only admits but pleads the facts that demonstrate him to be so; but only whether I was such a fool as to sell myself absolutely for a consideration which, so far from being adequate, if any such could be adequate, is not even so much as certain. Not to value myself as a gentleman, a free man, a man of education, and one pretending to literature; is there any situation in life so low, or even so criminal, that can subject a man to the possibility of such an engagement? Would you dare attempt to bind your footman to such terms? Will the law suffer a felon sent to the plantations to bind himself for his life, and to renounce all possibility either of elevation or quiet? And am I to defend myself for not doing what no man is suffered to do, and what it would be criminal in any man to submit to? You will excuse me for this heat.

I not only excuse Burke for his heat, but love him for letting me warm my hands at it after a lapse of 120 years.

Burke was more fortunate in his second master, for in 1765, being then thirty-six years of age, he became private secretary to the new Prime Minister, the Marquis of Rockingham; and by the interest of Lord Verney was returned to Parliament for Wendover, in Bucks; and on January 27, 1766, his voice was first heard in the House of Commons.

The Rockingham Ministry deserves well of the historian, and on the whole has received its deserts. Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Richmond, Lord John Cavendish, Mr. Dowdeswell, and the rest of them, were good men and true, judged by any ordinary standard; and when contrasted with most of their political competitors, they almost approach the ranks of saints and angels. However, after a year and twenty days, his Majesty King George the Third managed to get rid of them, and to keep them at bay for fifteen years. But their first term of office, though short, lasted long enough to establish a friendship of no ordinary powers of endurance between the chief members of the party and the Prime Minister's private secretary, who was at first, so ran the report, supposed to be a wild Irishman, whose real name was O'Bourke, and whose brogue seemed to require the allegation that its owner was a Popish emissary. It is satisfactory to notice how from the very first Burke's intellectual pre-eminence, character, and aims were clearly admitted and most cheerfully recognized by his political and social superiors; and in the long correspondence in which he engaged with most of them, there is not a trace to be found, on one side or the other, of anything approaching to either patronage or servility. Burke advises them, exhorts them, expostulates with them, condemns their aristocratic languor, fans their feeble flames, drafts their motions, dictates their protests, visits their houses, and generally supplies them with facts, figures, poetry, and romance. To all this they submit with much humility. The Duke of Richmond once indeed ventured to hint to Burke, with exceeding delicacy, that he (the Duke) had a small private estate to attend to as well as public affairs, but the validity of the excuse was not admitted. The part Burke played for the next fifteen years with relation to the Rockingham party reminds me of the functions I have observed performed in lazy families by a soberly clad and eminently respectable person who pays them domiciliary visits, and, having admission everywhere, goes about mysteriously from room to room, winding up all the clocks. This is what Burke did for the Rockingham party—he kept it going.

[To be continued.]

PALGRAVE's delightful 'Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics' has been added to the Macmillans' series of Globe Readings from Standard Authors, and is therefore purchasable for fifty cents instead of \$1.25 as heretofore.

* Continued from July 31st.

Notes

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Jr., is about to write the life of the late Richard H. Dana, Jr., and desires to obtain any of Mr. Dana's letters that are not strictly private and might be of use for the biography. If sent to Mr. R. H. Dana, No. 30 Court Street, Boston, they will be copied and returned.

'Hannibal of New York' is the title of the new novel (of New York and Newport life) which Thomas Wharton will publish at once through Henry Holt & Co.

Paul H. Hayne had been invited to deliver, next winter, at Vanderbilt University, a series of lectures on poetry or literature. 'It is a loss serious and irreparable,' says *The Southern Bivouac*, 'that these lectures will never be written, and that before the invitation had reached him this well-loved poet had laid down his pen forever.'

The abridged and annotated edition of Plutarch's Lives, which has just appeared in Ginn & Co.'s series of Classics for Children, has been prepared by Edwin Ginn from Clough's translation, and contains brief historical introductions by Prof. W. F. Allen, of the University of Wisconsin.

Monsignor G. de Concilio has translated into Italian the 'Catechism of the Christian Faith' prepared by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and the Catholic Publication Society has printed it.

R. B. Roosevelt, author of 'Five Acres too Much,' has written a breezy summer story, entitled 'Love and Luck.' It describes the experiences of a social party on a cruise on board a 'sharpie' in the Great South Bay of Long Island, during a summer spent in fishing, hunting and love-making; and it has just been published by Harper & Brothers.

W. J. Rolfe, the Shakspearian scholar, sailed for Europe with his family on Thursday of last week in the Scythia, and will remain abroad until about October 1st.

Mr. Browning has received from America a new evidence of his transatlantic popularity, *The Athenaeum* says. 'It comes in the form of a scroll, such as that which is familiar in the waiting-rooms of many English railway stations, except that the American publisher has printed, in place of texts of Scripture, extracts from the poet's works.'

A poem of twelve stanzas, by Mr. Swinburne, entitled 'A Word for the Navy' (1885), will shortly appear in a collection of sea-songs, etc., to be published in London by Redway.

The first portion of Mr. Sala's autobiography will describe his boyhood (1828-35) and give an account of the years from 1835 to 1845, and will contain reminiscences of Bellini, Grisi, Paganini, Lablache, Braham, Tom Moore, Theodore Hook, Dickens, Thackeray, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne, Mrs. Norton, the 'mad' Marquis of Waterford, the Countess Waldegrave, the Duke of Brunswick, Harriet Duchess of St. Albans, Count D'Orsay, Napoleon III., Mark Lemon, Buckstone, Webster, Madame Vestris, Charles Mathews, Dejazet and others. Mr. Sala's account of his recent Australian experiences will appear before the Autobiography.

William Westall has written a story of adventure in unexplored regions of Central America, which will be published by Cassell & Co. under the title of 'The Phantom City.'

The Publishers' Weekly:—The report of the Senate Committee on Patents, presenting the Chace copyright bill, as modified, to the favorable consideration of the Senate, slumbers on the Senate calendar and will not be taken up this session. An effort was contemplated to obtain the passage of the bill in the Senate, so as to give time for action in the lower House before adjournment, but it was deemed inadvisable to take this course. As the present Congress lasts till March 4, 1887, the present calendar holds over to the "short session" opening next December, and it is the intention of Senator Chace to bring up his bill early in the session with an important speech on the subject of international copyright in general. The bill has not yet been introduced in the lower House, but that step is likely to be taken early in the short session.

A good likeness of Noah Brooks, the well-known author and journalist who succeeded Dr. Hunt as editor of the Newark *Daily Advertiser*, faces the title-page of this month's *Book Buyer*.

The Saturday Review is moved by the appearance of Esoteric Buddhist Sinnett's fourth book, 'United,' to remark: 'Progressing at his present rate, Mr. Sinnett may be expected to have worked himself free of his particular foolishness in about four books from now. Then the occult nonsense will have dis-

appeared altogether, and its patron will stand confessed as a straightforward, decent, third-rate novelist.'

Prof. C. A. Briggs, of this city, is in England, carrying through the press a new work on Messianic prophecy. It discusses all the Messianic passages of the Old Testament in a fresh translation, with critical notes. T. & T. Clark of Edinburgh will publish it.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's new book on the Irish question, will be called 'The League of North and South,' and will treat of events in 1850-55.

Judge Butler, of Philadelphia, has reserved his decision on the application of C. L. Webster & Co. to prevent the sale of Grant's Memoirs by Wanamaker.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. will issue immediately the 'Thoughts' of Joseph Roux, a French parish priest.

Concerning our recent lists of authors, F. L. P., of this city, writes: 'In your issue of July 24th, I notice the omission of the historian Benson J. Lossing's name from the list of "A Hundred American Authors." While I understand the editorial preface to that list, and can realize that you must have considered Dr. Lossing's name in your preparation of the "Hundred," I cannot easily comprehend this omission. There seem to be at least two names in the list, either one of which could make place for our historian.' 'An English or American reader aiming at a broad literary culture' could not, in my opinion, writes S. M. F., of Baltimore, 'hit the object of his aim, unless he was to some considerable degree familiar with American history and literature. If Bancroft is too exhaustive, a smaller work might be substituted. Surely to Americans, Bancroft is of more value than Voltaire or Confucius.'—The Boston *Beacon* thinks the list 'too literary and not sufficiently practical.'

Ginn & Co. have in press 'The Elements of Plane and Solid Analytic Geometry,' by Prof. John D. Runkle.

Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.]

Campbell, Helen.	Miss Melinda's Opportunity.	\$1.	Boston: Roberts Brothers.
Cowley, Abram.	Essays.	10c.	Cassell & Co.
Hamerton, Eugénie.	Golden Mediocrity.	\$1.	Boston: Roberts Brothers.
Humphrey, Frances A.	The Children of Old Park's Tavern.	Harper & Brothers.
Lee, Katharine.	Katharine Blythe.	50c.	Harper & Brothers.
Lillie, Lucy C.	Jo's Opportunity.	Harper & Brothers.
McClelland, M. G.	Oblivion.	50c.	Henry Holt & Co.
Roberts, Edwards.	Santa Barbara.	75c.	Boston: Roberts Brothers.
Robins, G. M.	Keep My Secret.	20c.	Harper & Brothers.
Roosevelt, Robert B.	Love and Luck.	Harper & Brothers.
Stowe, Harriet Beecher.	Sam Lawson's Stories.	50c.
Wendt, Charles W.	The Carol.	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Westall, William.	The Phantom City.	Cincinnati: John Church Co.
			Cassell & Co.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1175.—1. Please tell me whether the Book of Common Prayer for the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States has lately been revised; if so, by whom it is published, and at what price.—2. What is the name of the character, Ned's father, in Dickens's 'Dombey and Son'—the old man who let the world get ahead of him?

COLUMBIA, TENN.

W. A. S.

[1. See 'The Book Annexed to the Report of the Joint-Committee on the Book of Common Prayer,' which shows the alterations proposed at the last General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The proposed alterations will come up for adoption in the fall. The book was noticed in our issue of May 30th, 1885. It is published by James Pott & Co., New York. Its price is \$1.—2. There is no character named Ned in 'Dombey and Son' except Capt. Cuttle. Perhaps our correspondent refers to Sol Gills, the Uncle of Walter Gay, who was in the habit of referring to 'competition' and his own slowness as the causes of his non-success in business.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1154.—2. Any communication addressed to Miss Hopkins will be forwarded from this office.

No. 1161.—The author of 'Little Brown Hands' is 'Miss M. H. Krout,' of Indiana. Whittier gives the poem in his 'Child-Life.' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.)

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S. Q.

I LIKE my wife to use Pozson's Powder because it improves her looks, and is as fragrant as violets. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.